



The Importance of Being Bundy

By MAX FRANKEL

WASHINGTON.

BY and large in American foreign politics, the bigger the issue to be decided, the smaller the number of men deciding it. The issues, not the men, impose this rule. The need for privacy almost always overrides the obligations of democracy.

Thus it is that only a President of the United States and a handful of advisers can make the choice of this or that weapon for production next decade and the selection of this or that target for attack in Vietnam next week. And in the process, step by step, they alone make sweeping judgments and commitments and risk awesome consequences, deciding, for instance, whether we can or wish to coexist with the Soviet Union or to resist the power of Communist China, and how—things about which millions of us have an opinion but virtually no say.

Probably, it has always been that way. But technology has accelerated history to a point where the process and the few engaged in it quite literally determine the nature of war and the chances of peace. At the moment, the pivot man among those few, the present manager of the process, is a guy named Mac in the White House basement.

Mac—that is, McGeorge Bundy of the Boston Bundys and Putnams, erstwhile Republican and former dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard University—has labored in his custom-paneled basement for more

than four years and, without any political mandate or constitutional authority, but simply by being what he is and where he is, has become one of the most influential custodians of the foreign policies of the United States, one of the very few Americans whose daily judgments directly affect the political history of the world.

But for the writers of that history who like their characters neat and clear, Mac will also be one of the most perplexing. He is one of the most accessible and articulate men in this or any other Administration, but also in the formal ways of government one of the least visible and accountable. He is both policy maker and policy tender; indeed, he symbolizes the fusion of the two. He is a forceful Administration leader and a deferential Presidential follower. And, in the current cliché, he is both hawk and dove.

HE is, to start at the simplest level, the conveyor and interpreter of the Presidential will in dozens of daily foreign-affairs transactions. He monitors much and composes some of the flow of important messages and pronouncements to friend and foe abroad and to the public at home. He mediates the conflicts of the personalities and departments that deal with world affairs, directs their many streams of information and analysis and keeps a wary watch on policy plans and operations. When he says, even to a member of the Cabinet: "The President would like . . ." it might as well be Lyndon Johnson saying: "I want. . ."

But he is also the compiler and

conveyor of the thoughts and ideas of others for the President's consideration. He gathers for him the suggestions and the questions, the warnings, challenges and complaints from home and abroad, deciding how and when the President wants or ought to be informed about each.

In all, then, Bundy has come to regulate both the ingredients and the expressions of decision at the one place in Washington where the diplomatic, military, economic, scientific, psychological and intelligence aspects of foreign affairs run, or ought to run, together.

There is never any certain knowledge of whose counsel ultimately tips a crucial Presidential decision, but the impression in Washington is that Bundy, as much as anyone, helped to conceive and promote the program of restrained attacks upon North Vietnam as a way of preventing the collapse of South Vietnam; that Bundy, perhaps more than anyone else, persuaded the President not to fuss and fume about de Gaulle and not to ram the so-called Multilateral Nuclear Force down the throats of unwilling allies; that Bundy, working brilliantly among many, helped to shape the triumphant strategy of the Cuban missile crisis, and, confused along with many, helped to compromise purposes and tactics into the failure at the Bay of Pigs.

There is, in any case, no doubt in Washington that in the narrowest circle of advisers around both John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson, Bundy has had, despite the clumsy and ceremonially inferior title of Spe-

cial Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, a standing almost equal to that of Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara.

In fact, there are many who have wondered whether some of the functions of the Secretary of State were not being ceded to the man in the White House basement, so much so that he was even asked once: "Mac, if you were Secretary of State, what would you do about a Bundy in the White House?"

"No problem," he is said to have replied in a flash. "There is only one Bundy."

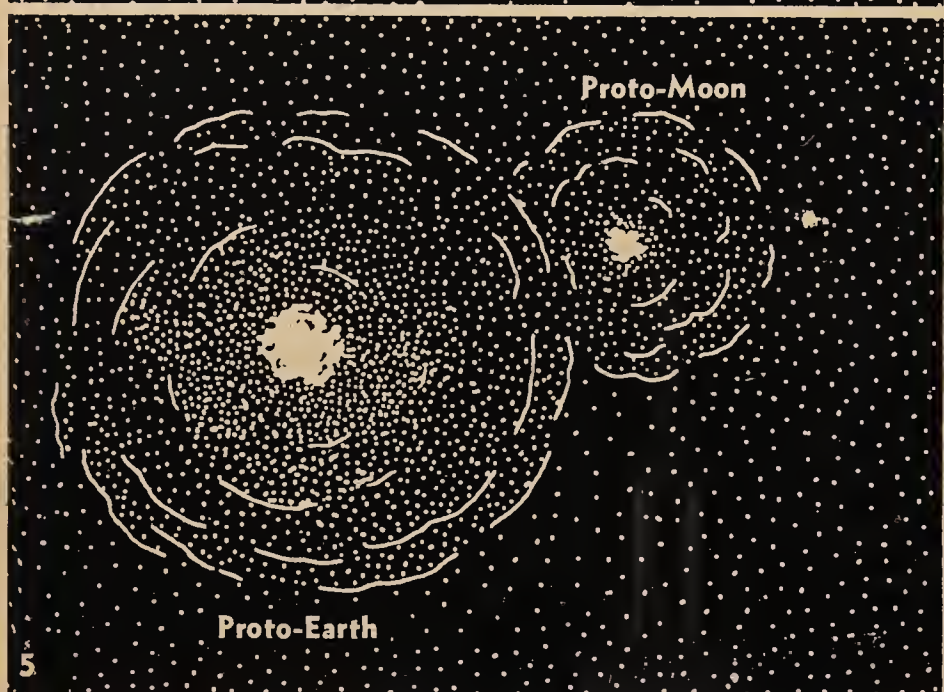
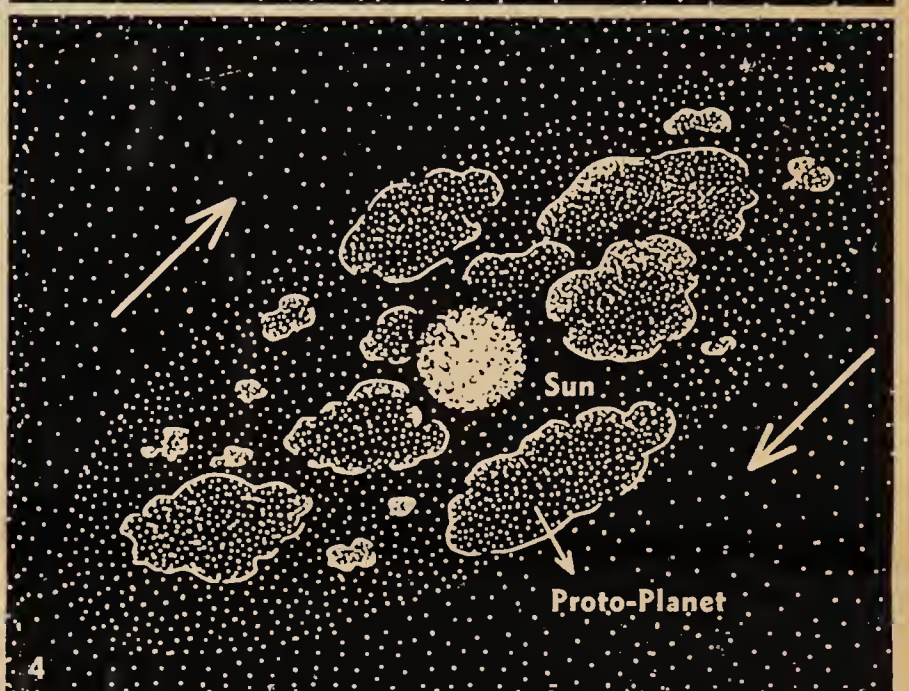
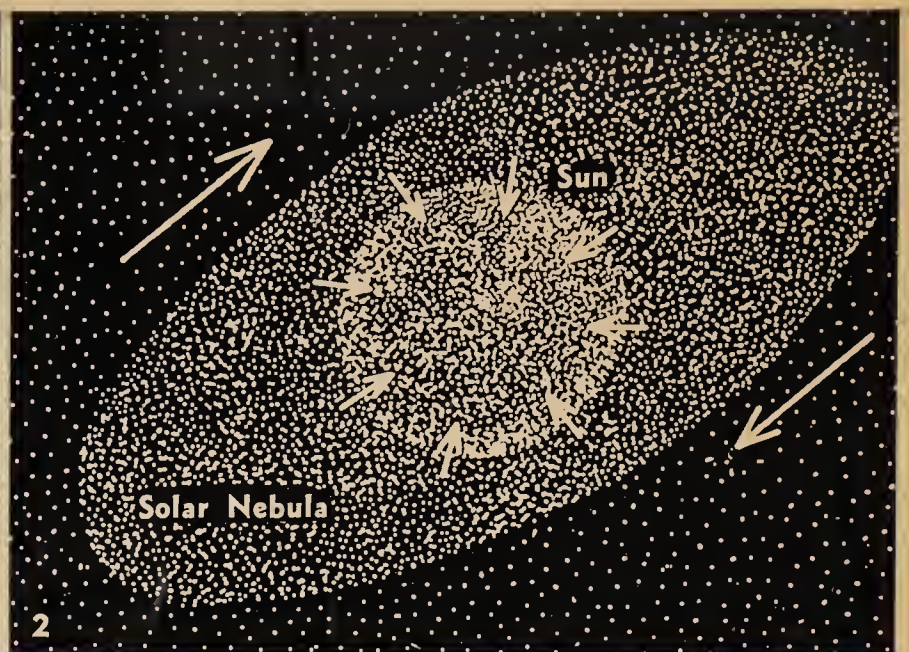
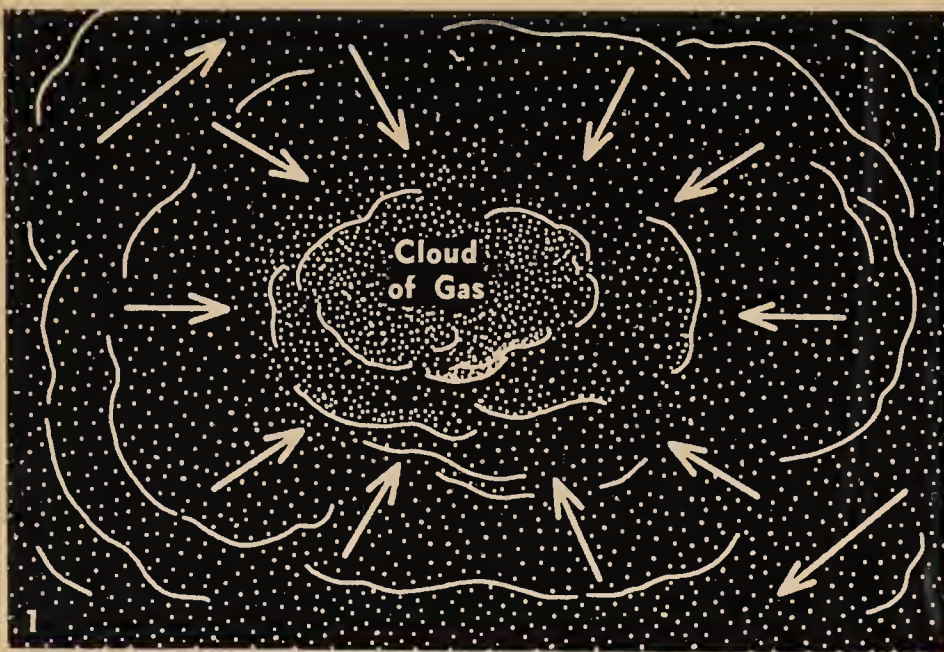
It was a remark that might be misread against him, but it is being retold here by his admirers as an example of the wit and skill that serve him, even in the face of impertinence.

THE fact is that Bundy is acutely aware of the prerogatives of Secretaries Rusk and McNamara, of his joint and triangular service with them in counseling the President and of their individual, separate access to the President. It is a relationship that has met the test of many crises and the demands of two Presidents.

But it is not by title or decree that Bundy ranks among them. It is because he has inspired on all sides and levels of government either warm appreciation or grudging respect for his presence and performance.

He is a man of sharp—often acid—brilliance, lean and trim of body and mind and almost collegiate at 46, agile, combative and confident, on the tennis court and in intellectual volley.

MAX FRANKEL is The Times diplomatic correspondent in Washington.



CONDENSATION THEORY—It sees the origin of the moon in the creation of the solar system. (1) A vast, cold gaseous cloud of dust and atoms swirls in empty space, billions of miles from any star or other body. (2) The particles begin to condense into a core, the sun, surrounded by a whirling

disk, the solar nebula. (3) The nebula breaks up into smaller, eddying clouds, or vortexes. (4) These, still spinning, form denser clouds called proto-planets, and, in the course of its eddying, the proto-earth (5) spins off a bit of cloud to form the proto-moon. Meanwhile, the sun has been con-

densing and growing hotter until it bursts into thermonuclear reaction. Then (6) its intense radiations produce a "solar wind" that drives most of the matter forming the proto-planets into outer space. The remaining material has congealed into existing planets and their satellites, such as the moon.

UNDER TWO PRESIDENTS

—Alone among members of the Kennedy inner-inner circle, McGeorge Bundy remains as a member of the Johnson inner-inner circle. His title of Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs hardly suggests his central role as the man who furnishes information and ideas to the President and transmits decisions on all aspects of foreign policy. Right, he confers with Mr. Johnson on the White House lawn. Left, he sits in on one of John F. Kennedy's budget sessions in 1961. Far left, on an inspection tour of Vietnam ("he as much as anyone helped to conceive the program of restrained attacks upon North Vietnam"), Bundy is met by Gen. William Westmoreland. Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor is in rear.

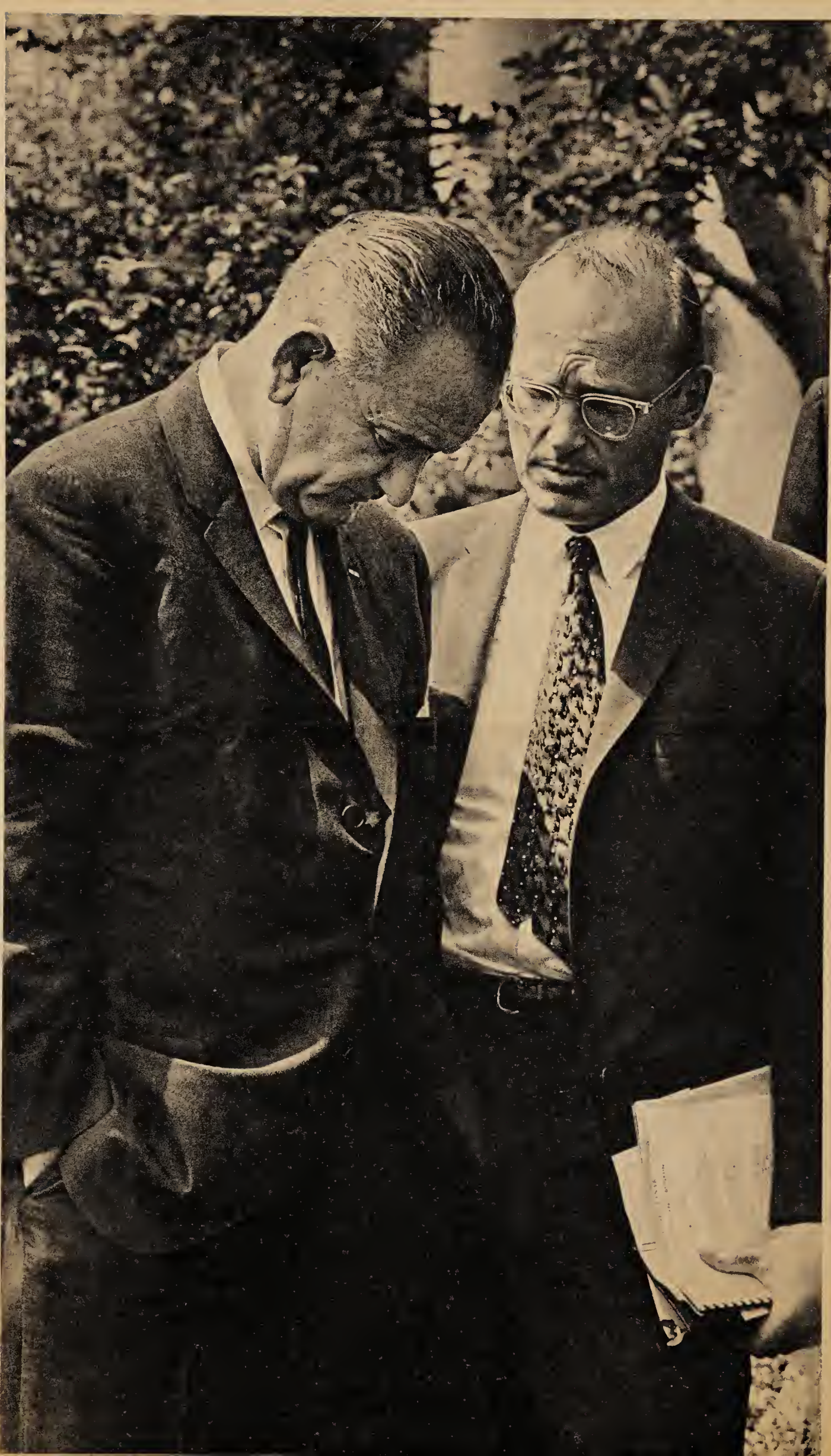
He eats, drinks, dances, plays and, above all, speaks briskly; some think tartly.

He can at once penetrate and dispose of a very important foreigner by giving him credit for possessing a "very tactical sense of the truth." Or, when asked about another, he can dip into his undergraduate mathematical training to point out that while there are no "independent variables" in international life, there always are "unpredictable" ones.

Bundy loves thus to toy with words and meanings, but rarely do they diminish his purpose. In his 12 hours at work each day and in the few hours that remain to nurture friendships and to devour works of biography and history, or art and mathematics, he is, by his own testimony, "genuinely in a hurry." And, in what was almost certainly a moment of self-revelation, he once commended to an audience the psychological thesis that man's "real motivating force" was not the Puritan revolution and not the profit motive but "the simple, natural, almost unexaminable human desire to do something really well."

Excellence, speed and clarity are the things he values in himself and others, or, as he put it in a book defending the career of former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, an old family friend, virtue lies in being, on the big issues, "at once right, energetic and skillful."

AROUND Washington, the Bundy pursuit of excellence has led some to believe that he simply cannot suffer fools and that (Continued on Page 94)



But, M. Courrèges, What About Mrs. Bottomley?

By MARYA MANNES

FOR years Mrs. Bottomley had been indulging in a special sort of masochism. It consisted of reading Vogue and the Bazaar under the hair-drier, and it never failed to leave her in a state of profound depression about herself.

Normally, she felt quite cheerful about life. She looked much younger than her 40 years, had a trim figure, loved her husband, adored music and dressed as well as she knew how. But after looking at these linear beauties with their open mouths and sequined eyelids, and reading about the Beautiful People, something always died in her. She could never make the grade; never. Here were these images of per-

What she saw were absolutely crazy little girls in absolutely crazy positions in absolutely crazy little clothes: and these were the clothes she—Mrs. N. A. Bottomley—was supposed to buy and wear.

No breasts, no hips, no thighs. Hair all over the eyes. Everything chopped above the knees. Everything was Nothing: little smocks, tiny coats, jumpsuits, motorcycle suits, "poor girl" sweaters. And over the hair, over the eyes, hard little hats, jockey caps, boy caps, crash helmets with goggles, pots.

And, dear God, below—or rather, up to above the knees!—stockings patterned like wallpaper or ribbed like

her eyes. In fact, she was getting so used to this incredulity that it was almost a relief to come upon six pages of little-girl figures clad only in the new "naked look" "second-skins," their heads obscured in animal masks. She particularly liked Elsie the Borden Cow clad in what the rapturous caption described as a "little underling" that "gives the body the slip—and ends in a romper banded by lace." A romper was just what she needed.

Mrs. Bottomley then turned to a regular Vogue feature called Beauty Bulletin, fearing the worst. She got it.

After the nameless writer had been describing the case of a reluctant customer being forced into a size 10 dress by a firm saleswoman, she wrote: "Having been psyched out of your own fashion stalemate . . . you realize you've been forced to understand the new millennium in fashion. Which is: the amount of dress is the difference between what looks old and what looks new. And more than that, between what looks old and what looks young . . ."

"Skimp dress . . . skimp suit . . . skimp coat . . .," read Mrs. Bottomley. "A whole new sequence could begin here."

"You will take the small pink dress. You will take the small millet dress. But you will learn to do as much in their behalf as possible. Meaning: you will work at the neatening and narrowing of knees."

Mrs. Bottomley was getting madder and madder, but she read on about M. Courrèges, the skimp genius of Paris. "From the ideal model" (whose body is young and whose proportions are young, natch), "his work for each client is a 'transposition of volume'—in order to recreate the illusion of a young body, that is, camouflaging sagging bosom or spreading hips."

At this point, Mrs. B. flipped. She



"Clutch coat" and skirt above the knee—the 1920's Flapper.

was burdened with neither a sagging bosom nor spreading hips, but she would be damned to eternal hell if she let M. Courrèges or Vogue or the Bazaar or any fashion designer or editor tell her what she should do with what she had, which was the well-kept figure of an adult woman still loved by a man.

So far, so good. But that figure had to be clothed, regardless of the Bare Look. She could still get away with that on the beach, at least with the fish-net inserts she secretly coveted, but it would hardly do for Planned Parenthood meetings or dinners with her husband's partners.

So how on earth *would* she clothe herself, when there was nothing



The pictures on these pages illustrate the fashion parade through the years leading to today's way-out modes. Above: balloon sleeves (1890's); Gibson Girl convolutions (1906); swathings of glamour (1918).

fection, and there—buried in the faceless herd of the women who didn't Know—was she.

But these self-inflicted torments of inferiority were as nothing compared to what Mrs. Bottomley suffered—and is still suffering—this particular year. Week after week under the drier with Vogue and the Bazaar or Sundays at home with the papers, she looked at the new clothes with an incredulity that soon merged into a seething mixture of fury, outrage and despair.

MARYA MANNES is the author of a book of essays called "More in Anger" and, more recently, "But Will It Sell?"

sweaters; spotted stockings, striped stockings, Op Art stockings. And below them: boots, boots, boots, or the most incredible shoes: baby slippers, clodhoppers, buckled flats, sandals with thongs all up the leg, bare feet, anything.

And the things these stringy little girls were doing! It wasn't just a matter of legs apart and mouths open. Oh, no. They were straddling cycles, flying in the air, flailing their arms, performing a thousand contortions, frozen in attitudes of Frug, Surf, Wat-tusi or just plain insanity.

Turning the pages of fashion, Mrs. Bottomley simply could not believe



The lowered hemline and fuller skirt of the late-1940's "New Look," left, carried on to the early '50's, right.

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The Importance of Being Bundy

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only with effort does he tolerate the timid. The Bundy speed has given him a reputation for quick and sometimes hasty judgment. The zest for clarity has made him a convincing advocate even of policies with which he disagrees and the man who usually provides the most compelling summaries of points of view, others' as well as his own.

"At any meeting, Mac is the one who invariably cuts through to the heart of an argument or who cuts off the frayed edges of discussion and tells us what seems to have been decided and what remains to be settled," reports one official.

"Don't forget Mac's gift with a memo," a colleague adds. "He writes just as fast as he speaks and just as skillfully. And in this town, whoever gets it down on paper first and well is way ahead of the game."

At the State Department, where Bundy touches probably the greatest number of sensibilities, he is given at least cool respect and, more often, glowing tribute. "Just think," one prominent official says, "whenever you need the White House, there's Mac. You can put anything to him and get a confident reply. Sure he's sharp; at times even nasty, if he thinks you're off base. But often, suddenly, halfway through the conversation, he'll turn and tell you: 'You're right.' The important thing is that he's there and that he listens."

"It's logical that some people should dislike him," says another. "He blocks the path to the Presidency or gets the other fellow's view into the White House as well as yours. He has to adjudicate and break some awfully tough nuts."

AT his "Little State Department," among the dozen or so men who work directly for Bundy, respect has long ago yielded to devotion. His aides welcome his being "quick on the trigger" not only because he often understands more quickly than they what they are really telling him but also because they know from experience that when they disagree they are free to hammer away at him, two and three times in a single day if they wish, and encounter only appreciation for the effort—and sometimes even a change of mind.

"Just because he is so confident," a staff aide remarks, "he is never petty, never denies what he said previously, never fears persuasion."

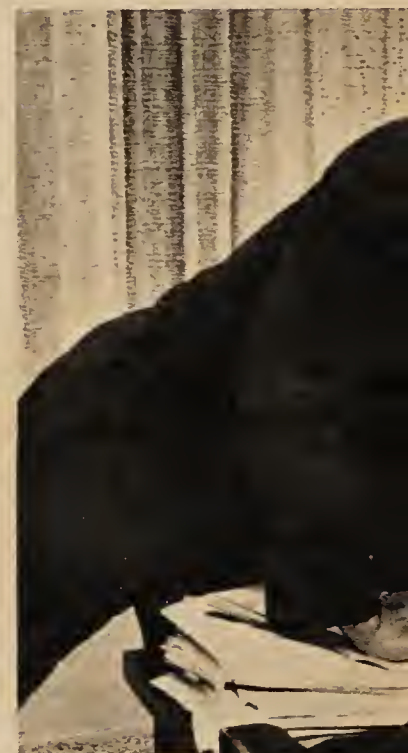
"An idea is judged by him as an idea," another adds, "and not by the age or credentials of its author."

Paradoxically, Bundy's interest in ideas and his obliga-

tion to keep conflicting ideas and choices before the President make it difficult for outsiders to know precisely which ones he has himself embraced and championed from time to time.

Thus, it would be misrepresenting Bundy's influence as well as his importance simply to record that he has stood at times for the firmest confrontation against Communists in Moscow, Havana, Peking and Hanoi, and at other times for self-interested accommodation with them through the test-ban treaty, the wheat sales to Russia and the Laos settlement in Asia. He has championed confrontation and accommodation with equal vigor.

But his real interest is in the



AT WORK—McGeorge Bundy in

processes of decision, which he approaches with the conviction that "where feelings become strong and differences of opinion become evident, there is some truth on every side and also some danger of error."

"What really bends the processes of government," he said after the Cuban missile crisis, "is continuous, sustained and intense effort, generally uncertain at the beginning of what its exact final outcome will be, always responsive to the situation as it is, and continuously aware of the need to be on top of that situation, and not of some abstract plan of what it ought to be, or was when one once knew it, or would be if only the people in Washington had more sense."

Bundy thinks of himself as working in the command post of a battlefield whereon is fought "the daily struggle of judgment and decision, the

contest of choice." At the moment of final choice, he believes, "there is no substitute for the single mind and will of the President" and the job of others, notably his own, is to tend the channels of information.

"This is a form of translation," he has said, "and all translation is an art."

IF there is a recognizable style in the Bundy translation and portrayal of a problem it comes from his preoccupation with the ever-present tension between power and peace, an outlook that may be traceable to his own development in prestigious as well as privileged surroundings, always concerned with the affairs of the world; to his father, Harvey Hollister Bundy, who served with Henry L. Stimson, a leader of soldiers and states-

"Nothing is more dangerous to the peace than weakness in the ultimate deterrent strength of the United States," and: "As important as having strength is being known to have it."

The effective use of strength, Bundy believes, also requires restraint, which in turn rests on a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. If any generalization of his views is valid, it is that these three elements of international conduct ought always to be observed, roughly, in that order.

It also seems fair to suggest that opportunity, more than ideology, colors the Bundy view of a problem. In a characteristically subtle but revealing passage of that essay on the Presidency, he probably yielded the most that he ever yields to ideology by saying that American strength was trained "not on the innate



his "Little State Department" in the White House basement.

men, in the Departments of State and War; to his own collaboration with Stimson in a memoir, "On Active Service in Peace and War," which he has described as a landmark in his life, and to the family relationship with Dean Acheson, whose daughter is now the wife of William P. Bundy, an elder brother and the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs.

"Very near the heart of all foreign affairs," Mac Bundy wrote in his book on Acheson, "is the relationship between policy and military power." Since coming to Washington, he has not changed his view.

"We should never separate the idea of peace from this requirement of vigilance in defense," is the way he put it in one speech.

And last year, in a thoughtful analysis of the Kennedy Presidency in the magazine Foreign Affairs, he wrote:

wickedness of Communism but on its evil effects."

That essay was remarkable also in that it tried to explain why McGeorge Bundy, alone among the intimate associates of John Kennedy, had so readily and successfully transferred his allegiance to Lyndon Johnson.

FOR years, Bundy's success and value in Washington had been ascribed almost exclusively to his peculiar compatibility with the late President. Only two years younger than John Kennedy, Bundy had followed him through the Dexter School in Brookline, Mass., and then gone on a separate but not essentially different course through Groton and Yale. Bundy's own political ambitions were wrecked in a single prewar Republican candidacy for the Boston City Council, but his talents and family con-

(Continued on Following Page)



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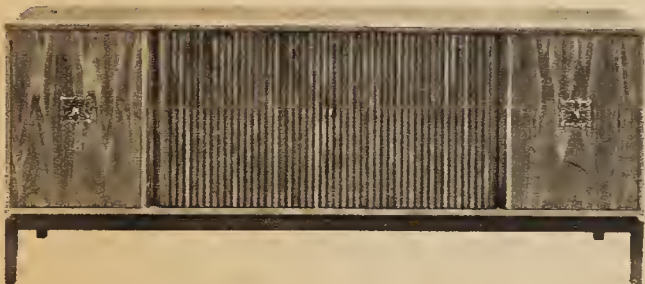
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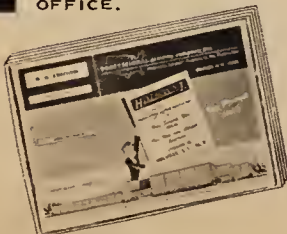
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OTHER BUNDY —

McGeorge's elder brother, William P., is Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. At far left above, he attends a conference of Secretary Rusk with Premier Holyoake of New Zealand, left, and Foreign Minister Hasluck of Australia. In rear is Admiral Ulysses Sharp, U. S. Pacific commander.



(Continued from Preceding Page)
nections kept him poised for public office.

He served in World War II as an Army intelligence officer and aide to Adm. Alan G. Kirk. After the war, he worked on the Stimson memoir, as a consultant to the Marshall Plan and, in 1948, with two future Secretaries of State, John Foster Dulles and Christian Herter, as a foreign-affairs speech writer for the Republican Presidential candidate, Thomas E. Dewey. After Dewey's defeat, he joined the Harvard staff as a lecturer in government and four years later, at the age of 34, was dean of arts and sciences—in effect, the No. 2 man at the university.

From that moment on, the eastern political and academic establishment wondered what possible heights remained for Mac to conquer. Some of the liveliest speculation ran to a university presidency, perhaps at Yale. But a chance meeting at Harvard with overseer and candidate John Kennedy led first to a switch of political affiliation and eventually to the White House basement, where, in the words of one critic, Bundy found his logical occupation: Dean of the World.

Few in Washington, and fewer still in the old Kennedy circle, expected Bundy either to attempt or to bring off a transfer to the Johnson staff. He himself seemed to be experiencing a crisis of decision in the winter of 1963-64, but finally returned from a Caribbean holiday to a weekend of resolution at the LBJ Ranch and a public declaration in the essay in Foreign Affairs that "loyalty to President Kennedy and loyalty to President Johnson are not merely naturally compatible, but logically necessary as a part of a larger loyalty to their common cause."

He felt himself needed and, increasingly, wanted and privately explains his facile shift by noting that he, more than any other Kennedy aide, had

really been serving the Presidency and not just a President.

How the change in Presidents has changed Bundy's role remains his secret, for he cannot even attempt an explanation without appearing to engage in invidious comparisons.

SUPERFICIALLY, his routine has not been altered much. He still reaches the White House between 8:15 and 8:30 each morning after dropping his four boys at school, sifts through the overnight cables and briefing sheets and completes a perusal of four morning newspapers. New developments or assessments may require immediate contact with the President, by telephone or a brief visit, and the scheduling of special meetings later in the day with senior officials of several departments and agencies.

A typical day will find Bundy handling special projects—like the recruitment of a citizens' committee to examine the problems of trade with the Communist nations—and continuing crises—like the preparation of staff papers for Presidential decisions on Vietnam. He may receive a foreign ambassador with a special problem or an American ambassador home for consultations, an American or foreign newspaperman or two, members of his own staff and a stream of telephone or personal inquiries from the Departments of State and Defense, the Central Intelligence Agency, the Atomic Energy Commission, members of Congress and other Johnson aides.

Throughout the day, Bundy is kept informed of developments through the White House "situation room," a nuclear-age communications center that he established as part of his office. By crowding an extraordinary number of conversations into his day with persons outside government as well as in it, he has made him-



self the conduit for a truly unusual flow of information to and from the White House.

Above all, he is available to the President and is uniquely placed to measure the rhythm of world events and the moods and interests of Mr. Johnson for the appropriate time and proper presentation of issues and ideas. As their relationship has developed, he has, of course, been able to dispose of a growing number of inter-departmental matters in the President's name, but it is the direction of actual Presidential power that concerns and interests him the most.

The late afternoon is normally Bundy's slowest period and often the time for a brisk walk or quick swim. Then, as the rest of government retires for dinner, he checks through the most important outgoing cables and instructions and finally heads for home between 8 and 8:30 (between 4 and 5 on Saturdays).

Invitations to cocktail parties are almost always turned down; formal government or diplomatic dinners are avoided when possible. If he goes out, Bundy wants an occasion that he can share with his wife, the former Mary Buckminster Lothrop, who used to be associate director of admissions at Radcliffe College. A lively dancing party with a likelihood of lively repartee is said to be the best inducement to lure the Bundys from their white-brick colonial house ("home," they both point out, is still in Cambridge, Mass.).

SUBSTANTIVELY, observers believe, Bundy's position has been both enhanced and contracted by the change in Presidents. In Mr. Kennedy, it is said, he was serving a man whose interest in foreign affairs was much more than professional, a man who could not get enough visits from foreigners or enough conversation about world problems with of-

ficials from all levels of government and walks of life.

In Mr. Johnson, he is thought to be serving a man whose personal tastes run to domestic affairs and politics—though never, of course, to the neglect of urgent foreign problems—a man who cannot get enough visits from politicians and who prefers to handle diplomatic and military issues in a more orderly fashion, respecting the chains of command and responsibility.

Thus Bundy's relative influence in the Kennedy years was probably diluted by competition, in and beyond the Kennedy circle, while his opportunities for arousing the Presidential interest in the less urgent issues or less prominent personalities of foreign politics were probably greater then. But the competition has diminished while his experience has grown, and Bundy has never been accused of not finding his own opportunities.

His real influence, of course, can be known only by the President and it can be gauged only in relation to that of Secretaries Rusk and McNamara. Bundy makes sure that each is informed of his separate, and sometimes conflicting, counsel to the President; his relations with them have been described as always correct—and those with McNamara as often warm.

The common assumption that Bundy might some day wish to succeed one or the other may be an additional point of delicacy in their relationship, but so far that relationship seems to have been held in shrewd balance by the master politician whom they now serve. And in the politics of power here, as in the power politics of the world, Mac Bundy probably remains "struck," as he once put it, "by the degree to which what really happens over the next few years will turn upon forces and decisions, purposes and attitudes which are not subject to our control."

"My father had a care to have me in my nonage brought up at school, that I might through the study of good letters grow to be a friend to myself, a profitable member to the commonwealth, and a comfort to him in his age."

— ROBERT GREENE 1592



What greater blessing can there be than for a person to be a friend to himself? It is the prerequisite for all the satisfactions of life, the greatest boon that one can give a child. And unquestionably one of the things that will help him most to be a friend to himself is a college education.

In addition to broadening his horizons, expanding his vision, widening and deepening his interests, increasing his associations, and improving his knowledge, a college education is, to put it bluntly, worth money in terms of income over the years. A survey reported in *American Economic Review* indicates that **college graduates on average have annual incomes more than 55% higher than persons with only high-school background**—a difference in money that may mean the difference between living and merely existing.

But college is not only worth money; it costs money. The average tuition in a private college today is in the neighborhood of \$1,000, with room, board, and other expenses amounting to another \$1,000 a year—a total of around \$8,000 for a four-year course. If costs continue to rise as they have in the past, by 1970 the figure may be twice as much—\$2,000 a year for tuition alone, with other expenses increased as well, making the average total cost of four years of college upwards of \$12,000.

There will be scholarships, of course, and many students will work to help pay their way. But the bulk of the burden will continue to fall on the parents. And the sooner they make plans to shoulder that burden, the better

off they and their children will be when the time comes for college.

One thing that we suggest is setting aside available surplus funds and investing them in good common stocks that have prospects of long-term growth, stocks that have a chance of increasing in value if the American economy continues to expand at its present rate.

Selecting securities that we believe will fit the needs of all kinds of investors is part of our business. Many parents have asked us to suggest stocks that we think can help build an education fund for their children, and our Research Division has compiled numerous portfolios along such lines. The attractiveness of a stock or a group of stocks is, of course, always subject to change. A list of stocks to consider for a cost-of-education portfolio might include A&P, Eastman Kodak, Gulf Oil, IBM, Minnesota Mining & Mfg., Scott Paper, and Upjohn.

These stocks may be purchased in a cash account in any amount, or each may be purchased in a separate Monthly Investment Plan account and the dividends automatically reinvested. (Information on the stocks mentioned above is yours for the asking.)

We want to emphasize that the selection of particular securities for investment depends on your own financial situation and needs. Therefore, if the stocks in this portfolio do not seem to fit your circumstances, our Research Division will gladly compile a portfolio which they believe is appropriate for you. You have only to ask. There is no charge or obligation.



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Russia Discovers the Customer Is Always Right

(Continued from Page 27)

prising was the reprinting of this highly controversial article across four columns of Pravda on Sept. 9, 1962. With its talk of indexes and percentages it was far, far above the heads of the ordinary readers of Pravda; but its publication in a mass-circulation newspaper meant that the Soviet authorities wanted the general principles of Libermanism to be thought about and discussed by party functionaries and industrialists all over the country.

Two months later, Khrushchev himself gave a sign. Without mentioning Liberman, he announced that the Soviet Union had a good deal to learn from the capitalists when it came to industrial efficiency. He went further: he suggested that there might be something in the profit motive itself as an all-round incentive to increased production, properly balanced production and higher quality production.

Profit—in one sense, at any rate—had for decades been a dirty word in the Soviet Union. It is true that ever since 1931, when Stalin had stigmatized egalitarianism as petty-bourgeois nonsense and started using cash rewards as incentives for harder work, the personal profit motive has been as dominant in the Soviet Union as anywhere else, with resultant inequality of income surprising in a country that is supposed to be a worker's paradise. But personal gain (called "from each according to his ability, to each according to his work") is one thing in Soviet eyes. A factory manager may earn fifty times as much as an unskilled worker on the floor; what he is not allowed to do is to exploit the worker directly in his own interest, using his labor to make a profit for himself.

THE fact that the state, the factory owner, may, and does, exploit the worker is not at all the same thing. The state's prime interest is in building up the entire economy in accordance with priorities laid down by Government and party. This system meant that nobody, anywhere, had a direct and personal interest in improving efficiency and in satisfying the consumer—except in those fields of endeavor, chiefly to do with armaments and the where-withal to make them, where the state was directly the consumer, and a highly demanding one at that.

So when Professor Liberman started talking about



SELF-CRITICISM (Garment Division)—In this Krokodil cartoon the sign being hung by an official of a clothing factory reads, "Garment workers, aim for higher quality!"

using the profitability of an enterprise as the main index of its value and efficiency, various questions immediately arose: who was to take the profits? Liberman was quite clear about the answer: partly the enterprise, and those engaged in it, partly the state—i.e. We, the People.

His general plan was that the central planning authorities would still set over-all targets, taking into account the population of a region and its likely growth, its special needs, its special facilities, and all the rest—seen as part of a great mosaic of regions covering the whole of the Soviet Union, in some respects individually self-supporting, in others interdependent.

The central plan would specify the total volume of output of a given factory, the range and assortment of goods to be produced by it, the delivery dates. But the rest it would leave to the managers of the factory, or group of factories. There would be generalized instructions setting out the

desired relationship between costs, labor, productivity, investment, etc. But the detailed planning would be done by the factory management, which would thus have far greater scope for enterprise, imagination and initiative, and far greater responsibility than had ever been dreamed of in Russia for decades.

Each factory management coming within the scheme would have to decide the size and nature of its own staff, from unskilled workers to senior engineers and designers; the number of shifts to be worked; the costing of each product; how to award bonuses, and to whom; when and how to re-equip; how to accumulate and invest. In return the management would receive a determined share of the profits, seen as a percentage on capital. It would be for the management to determine how much of this profit should be distributed in the form of bonuses and incentive payments to itself and its employees, how much should be